

# The Holmes County Farmer.

ESTABLISHED A. D. 1826.]

MILLERSBURG, OHIO, THURSDAY MORNING, NOVEMBER 22, 1860.

[NEW SERIES—VOL. 22—NO. 40.]

## Business Directory.

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ATTORNEYS AT LAW, Millersburg, Ohio.  
Office—Up stairs in Critchfield's Corner Block, opposite the Court-house.

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JOHN SIMS, Proprietor, Sandusky Avenue, Bucyrus, Ohio. n23

**JOHNSON HOUSE.**  
D. JOHNSON, Proprietor, Public Square, Bucyrus, Ohio. n22

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**Probate Court.**  
The Criminal term of the Probate Court of Holmes County, Ohio, will be held as follows for the year 1860:

First Tuesday of January  
" " " " February  
" " " " March  
" " " " April  
" " " " May  
" " " " June  
" " " " July  
" " " " August  
" " " " September  
" " " " October  
" " " " November

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All who want to buy the best quality of  
GROCERIES  
should call.  
April 26, 1860.

## Poetry.

### "ANTHONA AND CLEOPATRA."

BY GEN. W. H. LITTLE.  
I am dying, Egypt, dying!  
Ebb the crimson life-tide fast,  
And the dark Phytian shadows  
Gather on the evening blast.  
Let the arena, O queen, support me,  
Flash thy scepter, and bow thine ear;  
Hearken to the great heart-secrets,  
Thou, and thou alone, must hear.

Though my sorrow and veteran legions  
Bear my eagle high no more,  
And my wrecked and scattered galleys  
Strew dark Aetion's fatal shore;  
Though no glittering murals surround me,  
Prompt to do thy master's will,  
I must perish like a Roman.

Let not Caesar's servile minions,  
Mock the lion thus laid low,  
Tune to foeman's hand that flew him,  
Toss his own that struck the blow.

Hear, then, pillowed on thy bosom,  
Ere his star-faces quite away,  
Him who, drank with thy carcases,  
Madly sang a world away.

Should the base plebeian rabble  
Dare assault my fame at Rome,  
Where the noblewoman, Octavia,  
Weeps within her widowed home;  
Sob her; say the gods have told me,  
Altars, augurs, circling rings,  
That her blood with mine combined,  
Yet shall mount the crown of Kings.

And for thee, star-eyed Egyptian!  
Glorious sorrows of the Nile,  
Light the path to Stygian horrors,  
With the splendors of the smile,  
Give this Caesar coronas and arches,  
Let his brow the laurel twine;  
I can scorn the Senate's triumphs,  
Triumphing in love like thine.

I am dying, Egypt, dying!  
Hark the insulting foemen cry,  
Hark the coming—quick, my falchion,  
Let me front them ere I die,  
Ah! no more amid the battle,  
Shall my heart exulting swell,  
Isis and Osiris guard thee,  
Cleopatra! Rome!—Farewell!

## A Good Story.

### HEARTS UNVEILED: OR THE FOILED STRATAGEM.

BY VASA MONROE.

CHAPTER I.

"From a neat cottage by a brook  
Beneath embowering trees,  
The melody of a mother's love  
Came sweetly on the breeze;  
And by that brook so clear and bright,  
An early primrose grew,  
And the birds' songs mingled with the light,  
And with the evening dew,  
And around that homely cottage door  
A little maiden played,  
Whose voice is blither than the birds,  
Beneath her native shade;  
And as she crooped the primrose sweet,  
And laughed with infant glee,  
I thought that earth had naught so glad—  
So beautiful as she."

Twilight dews were stealing gently  
Over the spring robed earth. The last  
faint glimmer of a declining sun had  
vanished from the waters of the Merrimac  
river, and the gold, crimson clouds that  
had hovered in the glorious West, were slowly  
fading away. Near the banks of that  
river was a small, white walled, vine clad  
cottage. A cushioned lounging chair  
had been wheeled upon the porch and a  
lady was seated there, with her head resting  
upon her thin white hand, and on her  
pale cheeks, and in her hollow in-  
tensely bright eye, could be read her  
doom.

Radiantly beautiful had Mrs. Menard  
been in her youthful days, yet now scarce  
a vestige of beauty was remaining, al-  
though those days were hardly passed—  
She had married when but a girl of  
sixteen; sorrow had been her portion since  
then, and relentless death would now  
soon claim her as a victim.

A fair child, about eight years old, was  
sitting on the green before the door, with  
her lap full of flowers, but it was not  
those fragrant blossoms that occupied her  
attention. Caught by the bright hues of  
sunset, she had watched until the last  
crimson gleam faded and when the bright-  
ness had even vanished from the waters,  
and deep shadows were lingering over all,  
the first star of evening rose in the heav-  
ens. Lower into the radiant heart of  
that little child sank the star beam, and  
she sat intently gazing up into the blue  
ether, where one by one the lamps of heav-  
en were being lighted.

Mrs. Menard watched her child with a  
look of deep, yearning affection upon her  
countenance; as she thought how she was  
to leave that fondly cherished blossom to  
battle with the storms of adversity, she  
clasped her thin hands together, and rais-  
ing her eyes to heaven, she exclaimed:  
"Oh, Thou, who hast promised to be a  
father to the fatherless, the guide and pro-  
tector of those who have no stay but Thee,  
keep thy orphan child under the shadow  
of thy wing—lead her home to Thee  
and me."

At the sound of her mother's voice the  
little girl turned, and gathering up her  
flowers, came to her side.  
"Mamma, did you say anything to me?"  
she asked.

"No, my darling, where did you get  
those flowers?"  
"Some of them came out of the weeds,  
down by the river, and some of them  
came from the garden. Mamma, why  
don't you take me walk about now like  
you used to?"

Mrs. Menard sighed deeply and an-  
swered the child's question by asking an-  
other.  
"Valesia, how would you like to leave  
this little spot and go down into the far  
south?"

Valesia's dark eyes were raised to her  
mother's face with a look of inquiry.  
"Where mamma? To uncle George's  
with you?"

"Not with me Valesia, my own dar-  
ling child—it is not long that I have to  
stay with you. I am going where your  
father is, and when I leave you, your  
home must be with your uncle George."

"Oh, my dear mamma, you will not die  
you will not leave me!" exclaimed Valesia.  
Mrs. Menard drew the child to her,  
and beneath the silver moonbeams she  
talked to her of heaven, and prepared her  
for the sorrow that was soon to fall upon  
her.

The only relative Mrs. Menard had  
was a brother of her late husband—  
The uncle George she had spoken of to  
her little daughter resided in Florida—  
Mrs. Menard had written to him stating  
that there was no other person in the  
world to whom she could trust Valesia  
but him; and begged him to come to her  
before it was too late to see her.

A week passed by and almost hourly  
Mrs. Menard seemed to fail. She was  
no longer able to sit upon the porch and  
watch the innocent sports of her child up-  
on the sloping green; beyond that door-  
sill she would never step again. Valesia  
was her attentive little nurse. Years  
seemed suddenly added to the child's age  
as she watched that dying mother.

It was a calm, placid morning. A  
light hazy mist hung over the bright wa-  
ters, and flowery June's laughing zephyrs  
came in the open casement, bearing upon  
their dewy wing the most delicious per-  
fumes from Flora's bowers. Valesia was  
sitting by her mother in silence, and Mrs.  
Menard was gazing upon the broad fields  
and waving woods, when a servant an-  
nounced Mr. George Menard.

Mr. Menard bent his tall form beside  
the couch of his sister, and kindly took  
her hand.  
"Thank God you have come!" she  
murmured. "George, will you be kind  
to my little girl—will you take care of  
her for her father's sake? She will soon  
have no one in the world to look to but  
yourself."

"Have not a doubt as to her future  
welfare," he said; "she shall be to me as  
my own daughter—cherished and loved  
by my household. You need not fear to  
trust her with me."

Mrs. Menard's eyes spoke her thanks.  
Calling Valesia to her bedside, she placed  
a Bible in her hands and said:  
"Valesia, love your Uncle; be a good  
girl; and amid whatever trials and suffer-  
ings life may bring you, look on high for  
support, and let this book be your guide."  
She sank back upon the pillow, and  
Valesia was an orphan.

Mr. Menard turned and clasped her in  
his arms, and there was a bond of love  
and union which in after years was a joy  
and a comfort to both. Valesia was for  
a while inconsolable. Her grief was wild  
and violent, and as it wore away a shade  
of melancholy settled upon her childish  
spirit, and the expression of her large,  
 earnest eyes was sadly sad. The hardest  
trial of all to the little girl was leaving  
the cottage.

"Can't we live here, uncle George?—  
Why must we go away?" she asked.  
"Because, my dear, I have a home away  
down in Florida, and a little girl of my  
own there, very little older than you; and  
now that your dear mother has gone to  
heaven, you are to be her sister, and my  
little girl, also; therefore you must go  
with me and live where I do."

"Oh, I won't to stay here, indeed I do  
sorrow Valesia.  
"My dear little Valesia, do you not  
think that you will be happy in your new  
home? I will love you, your aunt will  
love you; and you will have our little  
Georgiana for a playmate and sister."  
"I know you will love me, uncle George  
but I do not think I can ever play as I  
used; I want my dear mamma and when  
I am here it is just like I can see her, and  
hear her talk to me; but if I go away  
with you, I will leave her here all alone;  
and, Oh, uncle George, I cannot go in-  
deed I cannot; and covering her face  
with her hands she wept convulsively."

Mr. Menard's heart ached for the little  
orphan girl, and willingly would he have  
left her here. "What to say to her  
he knew not, he had no idea what argu-  
ment he could use that could avail any-  
thing and he concluded to let her alone  
for a while longer at any rate.

The next day, however, he was more  
successful. He took her upon his knee  
and talked to her of her mother, and told  
her that it was her wish that she should  
leave the cottage and go with him, and if  
she could look down from heaven, it  
would deeply grieve her to see her little  
daughter thus rebel against the last request  
she had made to her.

Valesia wept quietly upon his breast  
for a few minutes, and then looking up in  
his face, said:  
"I will go with you, uncle George, and  
be your own little girl."

The consent of the child once gained,  
things were soon arranged, and prepara-  
tions were made for their departure. An-  
other day saw little Valesia Menard start  
for her distant Florida home, far from the  
scenes of early years, and all their hal-  
lowed associations.

CHAPTER II.  
"She is a fair young creature,  
With a soft and gentle air,  
With dark eyes bright and loving,  
And sunny smile like hair."

When the carriage which contained  
Mr. Menard and his niece stopped at the  
door of his dwelling, his wife and daughter  
came out to meet them. Valesia's  
welcome was warm, and she felt almost  
happy the first day she was there.

Georgiana Menard was a year older  
than Valesia, but a stranger, so to them  
both would have said she was at least  
three or four years her senior.

Valesia soon ceased to pine for her ear-  
ly dwelling place. Mrs. Menard was ex-  
ceedingly fond of her, and a harsh word  
the child never heard from her lips. Her  
uncle George petted and spoiled her, if  
anything more than he did Georgiana—  
He always called her Siny, and the dearest  
thing in the world was that pet name  
to her. Persons all said—and they said  
it with truth—that there were but few  
orphan children who found such a home.

Old father Time had set the stamp of  
nine years upon the inmates of Mr. Menard's  
dwelling. The shades of night  
had closed round the earth, and distant  
objects were scarcely visible round the  
Oakdale mansion. A light was burning

brilliantly in the hall, and its rays fell  
upon two persons standing upon the  
porch.  
One, a lady, was much below the me-  
dium height, with dark, almost swarthy,  
complexion, chestnut hair braided smooth-  
ly back from her brow, and dark hazel  
eyes, which spoke much plainer than  
words could have done. Valesia Menard  
was still her uncle's Siny. She kept the  
character of the fairy of the family well,  
but in mind and intellect she was all and  
even more than her childhood had given  
promise of.

Her companion was a young man of  
noble mien; he was gazing fondly on the  
little being at his side, and she with a look  
of love and trust beaming from her soft  
eyes, was listening to the words he was  
speaking low and soft.

Roland Haywood was a young mer-  
chant. He had met the owners of Oak-  
dale, with their daughter and niece, at  
the Springs. He had been since then a  
constant visitor at Oakdale, and had now  
won from the gentle Valesia a promise to  
be his wife.

At the parlor window was one who  
overheard their conversation with any-  
thing but pleasant feelings. Georgiana  
was very beautiful. She was tall in bear-  
ing, as light and graceful as a gazelle,  
and her voice was sweeter than a nightin-  
gale's. Her complexion was whiter  
than alabaster; the rich glow of health  
tinged her cheeks; her eyes were of the  
darkest blue, and her soft, golden brown  
hair fell in rippling ringlets round her  
neck.

She had tried her utmost to win Rol-  
and Haywood; and great was her anger  
and astonishment when, on that night,  
she heard him offer his heart and hand to  
her cousin Valesia. How could he choose?  
She had no pretension to beauty; she was  
intelligent and lively; the very best of  
company, she could play upon the piano  
very well, but could not touch the key  
with the master hand of Georgiana; yet  
when enumerating the things which Valesia  
could do, not to so grand without her cousin's full  
rich voice.

Georgiana had loved Valesia with a  
sisters fondness, until Roland Haywood  
showed his fondness for her; and now, as  
she listened to the words he was softly  
breathing to her, she vowed that Valesia  
Menard should never be the wife of Rol-  
and Haywood.

Georgiana was in her room when Valesia  
entered.  
"Have you been here all the evening,  
Georgiana?" asked Valesia.  
As Georgiana looked up, she met Valesia's  
eyes, and in them read what she  
had overheard.

"No, I was down stairs for a while,"  
she replied.  
"Oh, Georgiana! what do you think?"  
exclaimed Valesia.  
"I think a great many things. What is  
it in particular you wish me to know?"  
asked Georgiana.

Valesia could not feel her happiness  
until Georgiana shared it. She told her  
of the happiness in store for her, and nev-  
er suspected that while her cousin spoke  
in tones of true love, she was plotting  
how to destroy her new found bliss.

Angels hovered around the head of Valesia  
that night, but the sleep of Georgiana  
was as troubled as that of Eve,  
when the wily serpent whispered in her  
ear.

CHAPTER III.  
"When will the morning dawn? And yet to me  
What can avail the dawning? Do not,  
Deserted, and bereft of every stay;  
Victim of falsehood, treachery and fraud,  
With many a bitter pain, and bitter weep,  
I pass the weary hours."

Although Georgiana was so very beau-  
tiful, she was not admired so much as  
Valesia. Besides Roland there was  
another young man who visited Oakdale  
constantly—Norris Parker.

There was a little company of ladies  
and gentlemen at Oakdale. Roland and  
Valesia were on the porch, when Geor-  
giana came to her and said one of the girls  
wished to see her.

Valesia entered the house. Roland  
was about to follow, when his attention  
was arrested by Georgiana's picking up a  
piece of paper and laughing as she read  
something upon it.

"What is it that amuses you, Miss  
Georgiana; can I see it?" he asked.  
"Oh, no," she said, "for worlds you  
should not see this;" but at the same  
time she let it fly from her fingers upon  
his feet. He caught it up, and suppos-  
ing it to be nonsense, read the following  
note:

"DEAREST NORRIS—Will you meet me  
to-night in the Magnolia bower? I have  
something of importance to communicate  
to you.  
Yours until death,  
VALESIA."

"Oh, Mr. Haywood, you have read  
that note! I would not have you know  
that Valesia is engaged to Mr. Parker  
for anything in the world. She told me  
in the strictest confidence—she would be  
so very angry with me."

"She shall not know it; the secret  
shall be safe with me," answered Roland;  
and offering his arm to Georgiana, they  
joined the promenaders who were on the  
lawn. That night Valesia received these  
few lines:

"When no one looked upon her brow,  
Except the bright lone star,  
Which shed such tender memories  
Of childhood's home afar,  
Which gave her back the living light  
Of many a sweet familiar strain  
Of great melody."

Then would her thoughts wander through  
the dim vista of the past, and the residue  
of the little cottage beside the sparkling  
waters of the Merrimac presented to her  
the only heaven of pure rest she saw in  
her dark shadowy future, and tears, far  
bitter than those which fell from her  
childish eyes when she left it, she now  
shed over its memory and she felt as  
though she could have borne anything,  
could she have stood in the little gar-  
den beside the resting place of her moth-  
er. She was sitting at the parlor table  
one evening; a book lay before her, but  
she was not reading; and ever and anon  
a scalding tear would fall upon the page.  
Georgiana was arranging a vase of flowers  
and Mr. Menard was closely watching  
Valesia. At length he said, "Siny!"  
Valesia started, she did not know that he  
was present, and looked up with the dewy  
drops still upon her lashes.

"Siny! I wish to know why it is that  
you are thus changed?"  
Quick as thought Valesia said, "Uncle  
George, I want to see the home of my in-  
fancy, and my dear mother's grave."  
"Is that all then, my own little niece?  
Siny, cheer up, for you shall see it very  
soon."

Roland Haywood and Norris Parker  
had from childhood been friends, and al-  
though Roland believed him to be his rival,  
he still treated him as usual. He was  
sitting in his room one evening when  
Norris came in with a very downcast  
countenance.

"Why Norris, man, what is the mat-  
ter with you? You look as if you had  
a world of care upon your shoulders!" said  
Roland, laughing.  
"Well to make a long story short,  
Haywood, I have proposed in form to  
Miss Valesia Menard; and—well, I must  
say it—I have been rejected!"

"For several moments Roland could not  
speak. When he did, he showed none  
of the surprise he felt. But he determin-  
ed at the earliest opportunity to seek an  
interview with Valesia.

Valesia, was walking in the grove some  
distance from the house, when she met  
Roland. She was about to pass on, but  
he stopped her.  
"Valesia, I must talk to you!"  
"You can have nothing to say to me  
now, Mr. Haywood," she said coldly.

"Do not speak to me thus, Valesia,  
but for heaven's sake, tell me did you  
ever care for Norris Parker? Were you  
ever engaged to him?"  
Valesia looked with surprise and in-  
dignation, and demanded why he asked  
such a question. The result of that con-  
versation was that Roland sought an  
interview with Mr. Menard, and asked him  
if he would give him his niece. The fam-  
ily were alone in the parlor when Mr.  
Menard said to his wife:

"There was a gentleman here to-day  
very anxious to release me of the care of  
Siny."  
Mrs. Menard looked up and smiled.  
"I am in earnest, and as Siny herself  
is not averse to the exchange, I have con-  
cluded to give her up. How would you  
like Roland Haywood for a nephew?"  
"It is just as I expected," said Mrs.  
Menard. "My dear Valesia, you have  
my free consent; you could not have made  
a better choice. God bless your union!"

Georgiana said nothing, but she met  
Valesia's eyes, and that was enough—  
When they were alone she burst into  
tears. Valesia sat down beside her and  
kindly took her hand, and talked to her  
in the gentlest words. There was no an-  
ger in Georgiana's heart at that moment,  
and throwing her arms around Valesia  
she humbly craved pardon. And that  
night for the first time she quitted the  
nursery and her mother's knee, she bent  
in silent prayer before the throne of the  
Almighty.

The sinking sun was again reflecting  
in the waters of the Merrimac, and upon  
its banks stood Valesia Menard, now Mrs.  
Roland Haywood. Her husband was be-  
side her, and to him was talking of the  
years she had spent there. Calmly now  
she stood beside the grave of her mother,  
and her prayer was, "when God's mes-  
senger comes to call me home, may I be as  
willing and as ready to depart as she  
was."

The lesson Georgiana learned was a  
hard one, but it effected that change which  
nothing else would have done. After  
years of penitence and remorse, she mar-  
ried a planter and two happier homes than  
her's and Valesia's, the warm sun of  
Florida shone not upon.

BEAUTIES OF SHADOWS.—The shadows  
all day long play at silent games of beau-  
ty. Every thing is double, if it stands  
in the light. The tree sees an unrecov-  
ered and muffled self lying darkly along  
the ground. The slender stems of flowers,  
golden rod, wax-side asters, meadow  
daisies, and rare lilies (rare and yet abun-  
dant in every nice, level meadow) cast  
forth a dim and tremulous line of shadow  
that lies long all the morning, shortening  
till noon, and creeping out again from  
the root all the afternoon, until the sun  
shoots it as far eastward in the evening  
as the sun shot it westward in the morn-  
ing. A million shadowy arrows such as  
these spring from Apollo's golden bow  
of light at every step. Flying in every  
direction, they cross, interlacing each oth-  
er in a soft network of dim lines. Mean-  
while the clouds drop shadow-like anchors  
that reach the ground but will not hold;  
every browsing creature, every flitting  
bird, every moving team, every uncon-  
scious traveler writes itself along the  
ground in dim shadow.—Henry Ward  
Becher.

THE VENOM OF "THEY SAY."—"They"  
will say anything and everything. "They"  
have said everything mean and despicable.  
"They" say things that break up families,  
crush hearts, blight hopes and smother  
worthy aspirations. Whenever a man  
circulates a slander, and gives "They" as  
his authority, turn your back upon him;  
he means no good.

## A Story for Boys.

Business called me to the United States  
Land Office. While there, a lad appar-  
ently 16 or 17 years of age, came in and  
presented a certificate of forty acres of  
land. I was struck with the countenance  
and general appearance of the lad, and  
inquired of him for whom he was pur-  
chasing the land. The reply was:  
"For myself, sir."

I then inquired where he had got the  
money.  
He answered, "I earned it."  
Feeling then an increased desire to  
know something more about the lad, I  
asked him whether he had any parents,  
and where they lived. At the question  
he took a seat and gave the following  
narrative:

"I am from New York State. I have  
been living a father, mother, and five  
brothers and sisters. I am the oldest  
child. Father is a drinking man, and  
often would return from his days work  
drunk. Finding father would not abstain  
from liquor, I resolved to make an effort,  
in some way, to relieve mother, sisters,  
and brothers from want. After resolv-  
ing things over in my mind, and consult-  
ing with mother, I got all the information  
I could about the Far West. I started  
from home for Wisconsin with ten shillings  
in my pocket. I left home on foot. After  
spending my ten shillings, I worked my  
way to Wisconsin, where I got an axe  
and set out to work, earned money, say-  
ing it until I gathered fifty dollars, and  
with it now pay for forty acres of land."

"Well, my good lad (for by this time  
I became interested in him) what are you  
going to do with the land?"  
"I will work on it, raise myself a log  
house, and when prepared, will invite  
father and mother, sisters and brothers,  
to come and enjoy this home. The land  
I desire for my mother, which will secure  
her declining years."

"And what will you do with your father,  
if he continues to drink ardent spirits  
to excess?"  
"Oh sir, when we get him on a farm,  
he will feel at home; he will be happy at  
home, and become a sober man."

I then replied—Young man, those  
being your principles so young, I recom-  
mend you to improve upon them, and the  
blessings of God will attend you.  
By this time the receiver handed him  
his duplicate receipt of his forty acres of  
land. Rising from his seat on leaving  
the office, he said:

"At last, I have a home for my Mother.  
For the Girls.  
Ladies—engaged birds of beautiful plu-  
mage, but sickly looks—pale pets of the  
parlor, who vegetate in an unhealthy at-  
mosphere, like a potato germinating in a  
dark cellar—why do you not go out in  
the open air and warm sunshine, and ad-  
mire to your eyes, bloom to your cheeks  
elastically to your steps and vigor to your  
frames? Take morning exercise; let loose  
your corsets, and run up the hills for  
a wager, and down again for fun; roam  
the fields